

A box of charity she shews;
Blow here,—and a Churchwarden blows:
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

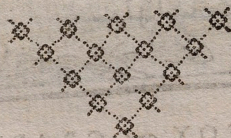
She next a meager rake address;
This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her and have her. With surprise
His hand expos'd a box of pills;
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty Guineas at command;
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see,
Takes ev'ry shape but charity;
And not one thing you saw or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The

The Juggler now in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
' Can I such matchless flight withstand!
' How practice hath improv'd your hand!
' But now and then I cheat the throng;
' You ev'ry day, and all day long.'



L

The